

WAR CRY



ICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

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WHERE CANNON ROAR

WITH THE SALVATION ARMY AMBULANCE
UNIT AT THE BACK OF THE FRONT

By Capt. Bramwell Taylor

of perhaps the full length of the Red Cross ship, the negotiation of a couple of flights of stairs, and finally the putting of the patient in bed—then you will be able to conjure up some idea of the kind of work into which the Officers and orderlies of the Unit were thrust at the onset.

The task of the drivers was extremely trying. The hours were long and the constant concern for their tragic human freight was most enervating, for the roads were lumpy, and the groaning of men in pain is a disturbing sound.

During those first days, because we were designated by the officials as being "big and hefty," we were in great request for carrying men on our backs. Only the men suffering from wounds, fevers, and utter exhaustion are conveyed on stretchers; others "ride" on the backs of the orderlies.

Boulogne provided us with sufficient evidence of the cruelty and senselessness of war, but what we experienced there was as nothing to what we have seen and heard since leaving the base for the front.

The order to prepare for transference to a depot just behind the firing line set us rejoicing and made us as busy as bees, for we were only

given three hours to pack our kit, overhaul the cars, write to the folks at home, get numerous requirements, such as kettles, frying pans, blankets, hurricane lamps, and other articles which form the outfit of the men who are roughing it for the sake of the beloved Homeland.

IN A QUIVERING BARN

Of the thrills and throbs experienced during the first night spent in the shadow of the firing line, I could, had I time, a cosy corner, and a decent pen, write much. But a draughty barn is not the most comfortable place for a writer; the pen I am using ought to have been scrapped long ago; the ink, the life of which we are trying to lengthen by frequent doses of water, keeps refusing to do its duty. Then, too, as I write, the old barn is quivering, for the big guns are at work, and when they are in action the whole countryside trembles. I might also mention the light—the fitful glimmer of a hurricane lamp swinging on the end of a piece (Concluded on Page 3.)

A Momentary
Halt by the
Way.

Live and work in a district where every stroke of the clock is a toll for the gallant and to experience a riot of sensations. If one submitted to the subtle temptation upon the ghastly sights witnessed, and stories heard, peace of mind would be impossible, and the work we have would mark us with intolerable depression.

Inaugural struggle which is being waged on the Channel would spread broadsides of a great lament. But the unveiled grim tragedy now being enacted shall be other pens than mine. A happier mission to my lot—the chronicling of the noble rescue committed to The Salvation

past weeks have been thick with vivid scenes. Years seem to have elapsed since we the fruits of peace; the bitters of war subduing life of its sweetness and have fitted wings to time.

hours after our arrival in France we called up for work—work which taxed man to the limit of our physical strength. The transporting of wounded men is hell, and to say that it requires muscular and plenty of nerve is to use mild terms. of carrying, or a canvas stretcher, a man should have to who weighs twelve to four hundred and to whom spells agony. It is no enviable task, and to last a couple of years, the use of a long gangway range of forty degrees; another walk



"By the aid of much-watered ink, a poor pen, and a hurricane lamp our article was written."

THE dispensation of the Holy Ghost began on the Day of Pentecost, and continues to the end of time. We who live in this age, under His dispensation, are especially favoured. We live in the world's golden age, and the golden age of Christianity, when no one need be without the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. It is for all, for you, for me. Glory to God!

The Holy Ghost

He is the third Person of the Trinity—the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Just as the steam engine was made to utilize or use steam, so man, among other things, was made to utilize the Holy Ghost, and for the accomplishment of God's work. He is the power of God in man. He is the One of the Trinity that makes man God-like in His work.

The Holy Ghost is the Leader in the world's salvation. He is the mighty General of the world's Christian forces, and is leading us on to the conquest of the world for God. He is the Great One Who unceasingly urges the saved to their best efforts in saving souls, and strives with the sinner to accept the salvation of God.

He brings to the world the highest type of religion—Christianity; and the triumphs of Christianity are the triumphs of the Holy Ghost. He who knows nothing about the Holy Ghost or His baptism; but there are individuals and organizations, the work of whom is the manifestation of the Holy Ghost in the world to-

Prayer and the Holy Ghost

THE OFFICES OF THE HOLY SPIRIT

By Major J. Newton Parker, Chicago.

day. The most prominent of these are the sanctified, and The Salvation Army.

Baptism of the Holy Ghost.

This baptism makes the followers of Christ into soul-mothers. Souls are not saved except through the travail of some one else's soul. It may not be the leader of the meeting, or the Soldiers; but as far as this world is concerned, some lonely soul, far away from the world's gaze, in the chamber of secret prayer, travails in birth for the souls that are born again at the point of death.

The Holy Ghost baptism makes men love their work. They love meetings of all kinds, but especially the hot ones—those for Holiness and Soldiers. They do not have to drive themselves, or keep themselves up in the heat of the time; but they are won, and fight, because they love to do so. Courageous! If you have lost your love for the fight, you have lost the Holy Ghost.

The Holy Ghost gives men power over men, and wisdom in getting them saved. Holy Ghost men teach and move and get men saved; their life, their influence, their works—all

tells for God in the salvation of others. They are the bringer-heroes who bring the world to God and capture them for God. Are you one of them? If not, are you missing the highest joys possible to man in this world?

Holy Ghost One With Those Who Pray.

After Jesus ascended, the Father sent the Holy Ghost in His Name to superintend and lead in the saving of the world. Not only was He sent, but He was given a definite desire. He wants to see us saved, and He makes everybody else. He gets us to want to do the same; and when He gets us close enough to the sinner, he wants to get saved.

He is also our abiding comforter and helper. In life's struggle, what could we do without some one besides our friends to comfort us? We need the Holy Ghost to give us comfort when no one else can give us comfort. Who can comfort us? When we see our helplessness without Him, we see how all we are and do is of Him.

If He wants to save the world, and is the comforter of everyone, it is of those who are interested enough in His great purpose to plead for His accomplishment in it. None have

seen the Captain can tell us all about it."

Late in the evening though it was, a policeman was asked to show them the Salvation Army Quarters, and the Officer was able to bring a knowledge of the Great Healer into the heart of the seeker, who made up his mind to return to Germany the very next day, fitted and strengthened for his duties amongst the wounded.—"Social Gazette."

FRENCH LAD'S PRAYER.

Story Told by a Salvationist at the Front.

Not many days ago (writes a Salvationist at the front) I went into a farmhouse for a cup of coffee, leaving my horses outside. I paid for the coffee, and had almost finished it, when in came a little boy in his night attire. He looked round the room and out of the window, then running to his mother, closed his eyes, and held his hands together, and said his prayer.

Naturally, I was interested, and afterwards I asked his mother, in the best French I could command, what the little fellow had said. As far as I could make out from her reply, it was this: "you must keep in mind that the farmhouse is within easy reach of shell fire!"

"Dear God," said the German, "kill mother, father, sisters, brothers, English soldiers" (meaning me). Then he prayed for the dogs and horses, mentioning himself only at the close, when he asked to be taken to Heaven if he were killed.

Dear child! He was only about four years old, but his little prayer was a source of strength, and encouragement to me that day, and has been for many days since.—The British "Young Soldier."

"You ought to get saved," was the reply. "How shall I do that?" said the German.

Now, although they were but recent arrivals in the little Danish port of Rudkobing, yet already The Army Captain had met, them in the public house where they sat, sung to them, and sold some papers. The Dane, therefore, said, "Well, I am

such an insect, and do not do any mighty things. When you are your-
self, of the world."

Under War.

When Holy Ghost pray, they do not pray them. This is an intensifying our desire groanings in the heart, what to pray for, and when we groan within us, He both

Pray.

Holy Ghost One With Those Who Pray.

He helps praying men to hate God, because they hate God. For what He says is just like God's words, which those who take the work upon themselves stick by Him in every way.

None measure no to the praying men.

Through the suffering opportunities, and all triumphs, He keeps us, and makes us, and makes us not strangers live upon their knees

from one of the roof. Such it is to sit at the lamp down the floor by my bed.

For two

left two-and-a-half yards

wide as our sleep-

ing line, and about

God. He is

He is of

praying men are the

He is the

He is

BAND NOTES

THE Cornwall Band, under the leadership of Bandmaster M. Collins, gave a good Musical Festival on a recent Saturday night, when we had a very good attendance. A number of pieces were very creditably rendered, and our comrades from the island gave some in the Iroquois language. Broiled Peters also gave a good trotting solo. Tea and cake were served at the close by the sisters. The same programme was repeated on the following week at Mille Roches, and although this is only a tiny village, the Hall, which seats two hundred persons, was completely filled. Quite a number of our comrades accompanied the Band, and although it was a cold and stormy night to travel by sleigh, yet the effort was appreciated and was a great success.

The Bonavista Band, with Adjutant Brace, visited Catalina on Jan. 24th-25th, and on the Saturday evening gave a Musical Meeting. The playing and singing of these comrades was much appreciated by their friends of Catalina, who hope they will again visit them shortly.

The fourth Saturday evening Musicale was given by the Dovercourt Band on Feb. 6th, and Bandmen W. Pyle and H. Ives were responsible for the programme. Instrumental pieces were given by the Band, Sisters II, Chapman and F. Whiffen soloed, Sister Whitman gave a recitation, and Bandman W. Pyle gave a good euphonium solo. The Soprano rendered two nice "Congress Echoes," and two instrumental quartettes were given. Brigadier Miller took the chair, and, as before, we had very good attendance.—J. R.

The New Waterford, N.S., Band is doing very well, and did good service at a recent visit of Ensign Galway. We regret, however, to hear that Drummer Brother Arthur Frances has been laid aside with sickness, and hope he will have a swift recovery. Open-air work has been rather badly handicapped by stormy weather, but the indoor meetings are a great success.—C. C.

Progress is the aim of the Halifax J. Band, which, we hear, is growing numerically and also in proficiency, whilst the Songsters, under the bat-

on of the Ensign, now number thirty and are all in full uniform, whilst a steady order for uniform is being poured into Trade Headquarters.

With their Officers, Adjutant Chapel and Captain Wright, the Chester (Toronto) Band visited the East Toronto Corps on Thursday evening, Jan. 26th, and gave a very interesting programme of music and song. The Hall was completely filled, and the programme, which was not by any means short, was much enjoyed. After partaking of a cup of coffee and some cake the visitors departed. From a financial standpoint the visit was a success, and proved to be a real help to our little Corps.—E. H. T.

Deputy Bandmaster Stevens, of

Montreal IV. Band, has so far received from his men no accident; that he has again taken his place in solo euphonium. A Solo Brigade has also been formed at our Corps, under the baton of Bandmaster Robb. The Brigade takes its place on the platform on Sunday nights, and takes an equal share with the Band, in proclaiming Salvation through music.—G. D.

We hear that the little Nanaimo, B.C. Band is proving a great attraction at the meetings and attendances are increasing every Sunday.—T. W.

With their newly-organized Newcastle, N.B. Band, Captain and Mrs. Forbes visited Chatham, N.B., and the comrades there a fine Musical Meeting on Friday, Jan. 22nd. A

(Continued on page 10)



Comrades of St. John's, Nfld.—Reading from left to right (standing) : Bandman Peter (accepted Candidate); Lieutenant Winsor; Cadet Easton (in Garrison now). Sitting: Captain (at Bay Roberts); Adjutant and Mrs. Hiscock, of No. 1; Cadets Chalk and Wells (in Garrison now).

Special Topics of Prayer.

1. Pray for our Chaplains with the troops, and all engaged in similar work.

2. Pray for our Soldiers spiritually and every way they may need a Heavenly care throughout these trying days.

3. Pray that the spirit of hatred and revenge may be dissipated from hearts.

4. Pray that God's Holy Spirit of love and fellowship may come to the hearts of men and women.

5. Pray for our General and all upon whom great responsibilities rest.

6. Pray for the Commissioner and all who are striving to bring the Gospel to human hearts in this Territory.

7. Pray for all Social Officers and others who are carrying on a work of mercy among the distressed and needy.

Bible Subjects.

SUNDAY, Feb. 26.—Too Crushed to Listen. Exodus 6:1-5; 7:1-7.

MONDAY, March 1.—Plague of Frogs. Exodus 8:1-14.

TUESDAY, March 2.—Great Sentence. Exodus 8:16-32.

WEDNESDAY, March 3.—Mus-

The Praying League

zain and Boils. Exodus 9:1-21, Final Exodus 9:22-35.

THURSDAY, March 4.—Hail and Locusts. Exodus 10:3-21.

SATURDAY, March 6.—Darkness and Light. Exodus 10:21-26, 11:1-7.

Our Membership Campaign. (By Mrs. Blanche Johnston.)

We are glad to report that almost daily applications for membership are being received. We welcome one and all. They have come from all parts of the Dominion.

While we rejoice in the individual applications, we beg to suggest that the Field Officers request their Soldiers and people to join, and if they send us a list of the names and addresses, we will send the cards.

We must all to write name and address plainly, and not with a faint marking lead pencil. If some applicants have not received cards, write again plainly. For, if the Praying League Secretary had not a pretty thorough knowledge of Canada geographically, she could not have imagined some of the addresses we

the coupons—and we cannot always guess correctly, you know.

Some touching letters have accompanied the applications. One mother requests prayer for her four children. We submit this request to our League.

"Will you ask the friends to pray specially for my four children—all grown up, all in the 'broad road'—that our Father in Heaven will bring them in?"

Dear Mrs. Johnston, I have very much pleasure in signing this Pledge, and also to keep it, because, I believe in prayer, and I also believe that if you have any stated time to pray, of course, I will do so. I have no time in the morning, but at night. But my time might be different from yours. And I believe that if a party of God's people prayed at a stated time every day, that it would accomplish much, and that many would be the gain of the Lord.

Yes, I would assure our young friends that it is helpful to those who pray. And I always urge meets with Divine conditions, and always base for a company to form a church.

to meet at stated times for earnest prayer.

Another application:

"I would love to be in the Praying League, a true Christian salvation of Jesus Christ."

So soon as we have

seen this

we will

have

overcome

and

be

active

and

in

the

Corps.

waged, however, by this attempt, he again essayed on the following night, and did much better. Nervous temperament, it is well known, causes a man to hang his head, to hang his head, to do the talking, first to do the talking, and because an active and in the Corps.

Another attempt:

"I would love to be in the Praying League, a true Christian salvation of Jesus Christ."

So soon as we have

seen this

we will

have

overcome

and

be

active

and

in

the

Corps.

impetus to the whole work of The Army in that land.

On leaving Japan in 1908 the Colonel was appointed to the Staff of the General Officer Commanding, representing International Headquarters, in which capacity he has made extensive tours in Europe and North America. We trust he will have a successful and happy term in his new appointment.

piece of imagery I have heard for a long time," said an Officer, in commenting on it afterwards. "It was a real inspiration."

Some Humorous Touches.

An amusing little story told on the Colonel during his stay in Tokyo still lingers with us. He and his wife were going down the street of an English town one day, when some wag called out, "Look at 'Beauty and the Beast'!"

But the Colonel was equal to the occasion. "See here, young man," he said calmly, "I have no objection to you calling me a beauty, but I do object to you referring to my wife as a hag." The wag, taking warning, and don't say it again."

It is related also that when the title of Brigadier was first conferred on Officers, it took our worthy comrade some time to get used to it. When told that he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier, he made the announcement public as follows: "They say I am a Brigadier, my wife still calls me 'Charlie dear'."

So it is evident that the Colonel has the saving grace of humour strongly developed in his make-up.

Commissioner Hodder's Motto.

During the voyage from England to New Zealand Commissioner Hodder, who has recently taken charge of the latter Territory, says that a particular verse of Scripture im-



Colonel Rothwell.

ed me to me and do.

Then the thought arose—What are you going to do in New Zealand? I thought and thought again, and as by inspiration the name came: "Through God we shall do, valiantly."

United States Pioneer.

Seventeen Officers in the United States have just received the Long-Service Badge. This is conferred only upon Field Officers who have completed twenty-five years' unbroken service. In this particular group the average length of service is twenty-seven years, the list being headed by Adjutant Emma Westbrook, who has done thirty-four years. She was one of the pioneer party of Officers who accompanied the late Commissioner Raitton to Philadelphia in the year 1880.

Wanting Spiritual Help Most.

Brigadier Delaforce, the General Secretary of France and Belgium, reports that a revival of religious feeling is becoming evident amongst the French people. A striking proof of this was furnished by the Adjutant in charge of St. Jean du Gard. The Adjutant offered his services for the gathering of the great religious meeting at his church, but the people everywhere told him what they would prefer for he should continue his visits among them and hold the same meetings as usual than that he should help them in the material work.

A Collection-Box Story.

Ensign Garner, one of The Army's Chaplains attached to the New Zealand force, relates the following little anecdote:

"A young 'Non-Com.' secured one of The Army's collection boxes and began a canvass of his fellows for an offering; 'ere he could complete his self-imposed task, camp was struck, kits packed and stored away, and amongst the packing cases lay the collection box. He sure it's there for it emitted a jingle of coins when thrown into the baggage wagons.

In due course he will receive kit and box at his journey's end, and has promised to hand box and contents to the first accredited Salvationist he meets.

A Belgian Conrade.

Brother Abel Leclercq, a Belgian Salvationist, who is at present lying wounded in a British hospital. His home was once at Strasbourg, nea



Saskatoon "War Cry" Brigade.—Left to right: Mrs. Lyons, Mrs. Cole, Ensign Andrews (sitting), Captain Crowell.

tralia, and the West Indies it has done much through him.

A Powerful Speaker.

On the platform he is not given to writhing and contorting. This does not give him full trust in power.

"Having read Japan's War Cry, I would like to speak of the Praying League's wonderful results.

Father through his powerful eloquence, he pleads with us to do the same.

He has over come the difficulties of the language, and has seen the great

success of the League in the

United States.

He has given us a

new and

extraordinary

pressing on his mind. It was this: "Through God we shall do valiantly." Regarding his reflections, he says:

"I thought of my early days—of my conversion—my entry into Army life—my training experience on the British Field in Holland, and in Japan. It has been a marvellous experience; in fact, I might say a wonderful life; that is, wonderful life; that is, wonderful life, because it is so vastly different from my early thoughts and aspirations.

"I was not trained in religion; I knew little or nothing of God, but suddenly, when in the neighbourhood of twenty years of age, a light shone on my path, conviction of need of God seized me; this was due to the life of a good man with whom I worked, and then I became a Christian.

"I did not understand how

God could be merciful to me, and I then

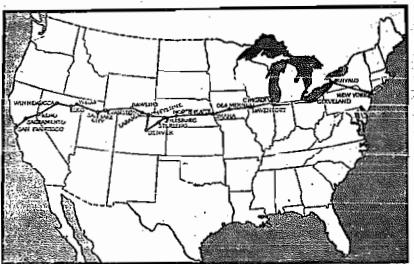
and there commenced life afresh.

"Oh! how I had to thank God for the change, the fresh start, the great and mighty opportunities, and the

privileges that He, by His Grace, had given me.

(Concluded on Page 15.)

THROWING THE VOICE ACROSS THE CONTINENT



The Tortuous Route Across the Continent.

When you, in New York, talk to your San Francisco friend, your voice follows the line drawn on this map.

YESTERDAY, New York to Denver was the utmost limit of the telephone. Today, New York can talk with San Francisco. A man in New York can pick up his office telephone and for sixteen dollars can get a man on the other, front of the Pacific, over 3,000 miles away to buy a shipment of oranges, and know just as he finishes talking, the first steps are already being taken for the transmission of the goods.

Long possible in theory, this problem of solving long-distance talking has for the past twenty years been growing grey hairs on the heads of telephone experts. The first long-distance talk—over a bare telegraph wire of sixteen miles in 1876, between Boston and Cambridge, was a world wonder. The New York to Boston talk in 1880 was a greater wonder still. When Alexander Graham Bell talked in 1890, over the new line between Chicago and New York, the final word was supposed to have been said in long-distance conversation.

Then, a little over a year ago, the Denver-New York line—2,014 miles long—was thrown open to the public—three minutes talk for eleven dollars and twenty-five cents.

To a telephone engineer, knowing all the difficulties that are encountered in carrying the human voice clearly, it is more than natural that a voice can be made to travel over a wire two thousand miles long than that a message can be ticked off by a wireless instrument and made to radiate in the unopposing ether to a distance of a thousand or two thousand miles.

Consider this fact: Your voice with all its intonations, starting at your New York office, travelling along a wire to Buffalo, then to Cleveland, then to Chicago, with its millions of wires and opposing currents; thence out of the Chicago terminal, underground to poles in the air, across the level country to Davenport, Iowa, to Des Moines, on, on, across the Missouri, on into Omaha. The next station is North Platte, then Julesburg, Colorado. A sharp turn to Sterling, your voice climbs the mountains, and is in the cool, bracing air of Denver's mountains.

Your voice does not stop here. It follows on, the winding mountain climbs, the railroads, engineering ranges along to Cheyenne into a new State, Wyoming, is guided

through Laramie, Rawlins, Evanston—next it hums through Salt Lake City, into Timpani and Wendover, State of Utah. It is now leaping through States, not cities. Nevada is next and therein it touches the town of Wells, Elko, Winnemucca, White Pine, Pioche.

At last California is reached and on the home-stretch, your voice flies past Sacramento and is plucked up at San Francisco.

Back comes the voice of your correspondent. You toss words at each other, back and forth, along this winding wire, across the whole country, without meeting people, and you hear each other's voices; other voices; your messages of love, of friendship, or of business exchanged, you hang up your receivers. You have not merely filed a message with a wireless man, and been handed a written answer in re-



The Whole Circuit Between Coasts, Without Interrupting Mechanisms. It is composed of two load, repeating circuits and an extra phantom circuit.

ply, after hours of waiting. You have yourself taken part in a truly wonderful mechanical operation.

This talk was not possible six years ago, nor three years ago, nor six months ago.

To understand the difficulty of pushing the voice to long distances, the reader must first understand that the means by which the voice is carried is one of the most subtle and uncertain known in sound.

Ask a telephone engineer if there is an electric current used in transmitting the voice, and he will say, "Yes."

Ask him how much is the current, and he will tell you that the tiny current used is so small, so weak, that it cannot be measured except with very delicate instruments.

This current must be protected against many enemies.

Every atom of insulation, every lighting current is the enemy of the telephone.

Then, rain and snow, the

snow and cold and heat are its enemies, too. Dust is its enemy. So

are small boys with their kites, and

slings and stones for throwing things,

the telephone wires. "We are

the birds in the wild country,

looking for honey, cut down the

poles, mistaking the hum of the wires for the buzz of bees. An impator, a Vandala, an Olympic of the seas may steam into a harbour and the telephone is found.

When a wire is laid in good condition, when the transmitters are perfect, when the smaller wires are insulated with enamel instead of silk and glass, as has been done across the continent, when all is in working order, the long-distance chief has to be on the watch that the bounds and the time of the waste away before they reach their destination. Take a safety rope, lay it along the ground, and then attempt to twirl it vigorously. The twirling movement becomes less violent in proportion as it travels along the rope. If a knot is tied in the middle of the rope then the twirling movement picks up as it passes the knot and continues until the rope sets in the same way on a wire.

A dozen years ago, Michael J. Pupin, of Columbia University, New York, devised a means of tying knots in wires, that is, he reloaded them at intervals. This was a great step in long-distance work.

But Pupin's invention did not go far enough. It was still impossible to carry the voice across the continent. It has remained for the newly-invented repeater to do this service which gives new vigour to the voice of the wire and it has passed through a variety.

A handmaiden to the repeater is the "phantom circuit," which may be described as a species of wireless. In the modern telephone plant all circuits are metallic; that is, there are two wires for each circuit, the ground return not being used as in telegraphy. Some years ago, Carly in the United States and Jacobs in England discovered that two wires could be run on two trunks at the same time, instead of two messages. If the trunks were crossed at intervals and perfectly balanced electrically, three years ago the engineers discovered how to load No. 8 (long-distance) wires by

the Pupin method and at the same time "phantom" them, and by this discovery were enabled to make the two wires between Chicago and New York carry four messages. The phantom circuit has already saved five or six million dollars. It made the New York to Denver line an economic possibility.

Another engineering invention that has materially aided in making practically possible the coast-to-coast talk is the open finder of Bauer. It is one thing for the talk to be theoretically possible and another to make it practicable for public use at any time of the day or night. During the last months of the year 1914 the engineers working in New York and San Francisco talked to each other frequently, but in a jargon of telephones that no untrained ear could understand. Then, suppose the line had been opened to the public, and the need of making repeat? The public would have become disgruntled and declared the line non-existent.

Just a year ago, Bauer, who works in the myriad-wired testing distance (Concluded on Page 15)

LAUNDRY
STRIKE
(Continued from
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ent-female trade organization of hard times stage is very much in view, too, the efforts.

The organization, four, with Miss Louise Leader as President, and Miss Alice Omers or the chair.

The Festival Club with the singer, the Songster and the Girl, will be very popular.

The Festival Club is likely to be a success, the expressions of approval audience, as well, as "Jesus, the Very Least of These" to the tune of "Home Sweet Home" by the Organ and Chorus.

The Festival Club promises to be a success, the "Home Sweet Home" of the "Patriots" those "whose song is the heart." It is the first time that the technique in music has been used, the lack of a time, and as a matter of fact that with the present system of the "Patriots" the light, lyrical music melodies are more a matter of the time than the character of the music, to be temporary, the rendering of the "Good-bye, Parting dash of abandon with organization.

But, when all has been said, Singers give up their musical and vocal training, and we give us a delightful show promise of better effective singing done, no doubt that they will give for the Patriotic Fund.

We consider the League, the Committee, the Conference, the educational, and also congratulation, to a ten and fifteen cents, and all bank stamp, and post-office require a two-cent stamp.

There are but a few of the old Cockers' remaining, which will yield a revenue of at least \$10,000 a year.

But the cash required by the closing year, including the collection of the present head, amounting to one hundred dollars, it is necessary to have a sum of one hundred thousand dollars.

The more of this will be borrowed.

ODD OUTLOOK.

The Commissioner monthly spiritual headquarters State in the ber on Tuesday, Feb. 1, opened. All Officers, Com- tinent, freely expressing their views. God," he said, "had the best distribution of funds, especially in the Dominion," has with- out exceeding, a large amount of the im- mense dis- cussions occasioned by the present financial crisis.

Brigadier General Commander of the Local Government Board, said:—

"From the ashes of the devastated towns and cities, there will arise a new and firmer Belgium. Among the two hundred thousand refugees, who were welcomed to England, there are about two hundred, who have come to life in the Arms of Jesus."

"The beautiful song has brought hope and consolation to thousands the world over.

NEWS NOTES and COMMENTS

"Readjustment has necessarily been made for many of our industries, but it must be considered as having proceeded and as proceeding satisfactorily."

RUSSIAN RELIEF MEASURES.

The Russian Duma has passed some resolutions which may well be described as acts of genuine humanity. The first of these is that the Government take as rapidly as possible measures for the relief of the provinces, which have suffered from the effects of the war upon the curtailment of our trade abroad. Canada has been at the rate of from one hundred million dollars per year since the war began.

It further demands that the Government work out plans for a complementary law on pensions, support of children of widows living with their mothers, as well as increased pensions for orphans left by soldiers who have fallen on the field of battle.

BANISHING OPIUM.

A VERY important agreement has been reached by the United States, Holland, and China, regard-

ing our experience, for the development of Belgian towns along modern lines."

We trust their hopes will be speedily realized.

FARMERS AND THE WAR. THE farmers of Manitoba and Alberta have publicly expressed their views regarding the war in the following resolution:

"We . . . in view of the awful destruction of life and property and the infinite misery resulting from the present war, desire to express our deep conviction that when the terms of peace are signed at the end of the war, the chief end will be to make future wars impossible, as to the end of this war shall be the end of all wars between civilized nations, and to effect this peace should be arranged, not on lines of conquest and diminishing, or lowering man, up-raises, purifies, strengthens, and enables him, and renders him capable of a sacrifice, generosity, and courage such as never before have been seen. Civilization, which seemed to corrupt men, really increases their intelligence, which, in turn, leads to unfashionable pride, nobility, and heroism in times of stress."



The King of the Belgians With His Soldiers at the Front.

FAMOUS HYMN-WRITER DEAD.

FANNY CROSBY, the blind hymn-writer, whose compositions have become such favourites at revival meetings, passed away at Bridgeport, Conn., on Feb. 12th. She would have been ninety-five years of age on March 24th. "Fanny Crosby gave to the world nearly six thousand hymns and songs. Some of the best-known are: 'Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour'; 'Jesus Is Calling'; and 'I am Thine, O Lord.'

The most popular of all, however, is "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," and how she can write it is told by herself as follows:

"In April, 1868, an old and deaf man, 'the King of Limehouse,' (Eng.) when bidding us good-bye, said: 'I have just forty minutes before my train leaves for Cincinnati. Here is a melody, can you write words for it?' For twenty minutes was wholly unconscious of all else except the work I was doing. At the end of that time, I recited the words to 'Safe in the Arms of Jesus.' The beautiful song has brought hope and consolation to thousands the world over.

CHINAMAN BELGIAN.

A TOUCHING little sidelight on the war comes from Limehouse, London (Eng.). When the shells were falling thick and fast on the city of Antwerp, and the people were casting about for means of escape, a Chinaman, a Belgian really with whom he had become acquainted and promptly evolved a plan of rescue.

"You come with me," said he to the old man, "and I will take you to London. I know a man who will take you in and care for you. You travel on."

There was no help for it, and so the old man took his married daughter—her husband, Ah! where was he now?—and her son, and they accompanied the Chinaman, who had been to the house in which they now stay as the guests of another Chinaman.

Rabbits were originally introduced into Australia as pets, but now they are becoming a pest and are being uprooted in some parts of Australia. Horse-riding is dangerous because the ground is honeycombed with their burrows.

"KILICK" (Leading Seaman)

A Stirring Story of Life in the British Navy

The word "Killick" is, navy slang for a Leading Seaman, and really means the anchor that he wears on his sleeves as a L. S. badge. The subject of this life-story is a Leading Seaman, and it is written from notes, taken while he was telling his story as a Special at Aldershot.—John E. McCubbin, Adjutant.

(Continued from last week.)

ON the street he met a smart-looking young man in naval uniform and a peaked cap, and thinking that he must be an officer, he saluted in his best style, and politely inquired the way to the training ship. The carpenter's mate—for he had found out that Killick was a carpenter after the way he saluted, and the polite way he had talked—took him to a sailor's home, and made him a bit comfortable in a warm room with a good supper. Killick sat there and enjoyed the food, and the warmth so well that he forgot all about the boat. At the last moment he was called from the service of the carpenter's mate shouting: "Come on, youngster, or you'll be adrift. The boat's in, and it doesn't stay more than a minute or two."

He stumbled aboard the steam-boat just in time, and had his first taste of wind and waves in his sail through the stormy waters of the river Forth. He thought that he must be climbing a house when he scrambled up the side of the great three-decker, and did not notice the ship. When he reached his mess the caterer told him that he would find some bread on the shelf, and tea in the mess kettle if he was hungry. He took down the dry bread and looked at it. Some one dashed up his tea in a large mug, and then he looked at that. The bread was a bit hard, and not over clean, and he found the butter tasteless. He stirred up the tea with the carelessness approach to a sponge, he could get—a borrowed jack-knife, and found that it was cold, weak, and nearly full of tea leaves. Killick looked for a moment and shook his head.

"Don't you want it; mate?" eagerly asked the boy who had dashed up the tea.

"No fear, I ain't very particular, but I couldn't stomach that," answered Killick in disgust.

No more questions were asked, the lad pounced upon the rejected meal and ate it ravenously.

Killick looked on in amazement, and learned a very valuable lesson for a navy man—to eat what was going, and ask no questions; and if he thought that it was not good enough, there were plenty to eat for him, and he had to go without.

He got served out with a ham sandwich, and a few biscuits, and a long time not knowing what to do with it. It was only after another lad had volunteered to help him that he managed to sling it, and, tired, discouraged, and somewhat weary, he tumbled into it somehow, and tried to sleep.

Next morning he began his new life in earnest. First there was a bath, then the barber ran his "clippers" over his head, and left it as smooth as a plate. Then he donned his new uniform, took off his boots and stockings, and made the

acquaintance of the hard oak decks, with his soft, bare feet, and suffered accordingly. The first lesson was how to lash up his hammock properly. This, and various other lessons that day, were enforced by the repeated application of the instructors' canes, and he very soon found out that it was better to learn the lesson quickly, than to suffer the punishment that inevitably followed forgetfulness or neglect. During that first day he found out that most of the lessons that he would have to learn were rubbed in at the end of a stick.

When night came on he sat down to write home the news of his safe arrival. He tried to put the best face on the matter, and said in this letter that he was "getting on fine," and incidentally, "had a good meal." His father's words, "You have made your bed, and you'll have to lie in it," rung in his ears that night, and he made up his mind that whatever it cost he would go through without showing the white feather.

You can understand the meaning of this lad's determination as he sat on the mess stool that night, and, stifling the yearning of his heart for home with its comfort and mother, and still smarting from the repeated applications of the cane, his bare hands, his canes, forced his pen, or more likely pencil, to write the words, "I am liking it fine." Surely that was dogged, determined, "grin and bear it," in true British style.

Next day he learned that the lessons all were enforced by the same monitor, the cane. It was his chief factor of the curriculum on board this training ship, and appeared at sail drill, boat drill, rope-drill, and all the other drills with amazing regularity, and severity.

When the boys were aloft at sail or rope drill, they very often would do the wrong thing, and when the instructor would sing out "Mast ropes," they would grab hold of sail ropes—in navy language, they did not know "the one from the other," nor the "other from which." Killick soon learned that it was easier to learn to climb quickly and well, for the smart "smack" of the cane on the bare feet and legs was anything but comfortable. By the end of the week he had reported to his mother that he was getting on "famous." And so the time passed; the days were filled with work, but the nights hung heavily on their hands.

Christmas came on, and a few days' leave was granted. Killick went home for this leave, and swaggered about in his wide trousers and shirt, and as cool as a cucumber. Beneath the swagger, however, there were feet that were so cut and painful that he found it would agony to wear his boots and walk about, but he bravely bit his lip, and professed to be enjoying himself.

So painful did his feet become that after the first few days, he sat by the fireside, and no amount of coaxing would induce him to go out of doors. He carefully hid the real state of things from his mother and made excuses for not going out. The mother, however, told her that there was something wrong with him, and nothing, and tried to make him as happy as possible.

Before joining the navy there had been many articles of diet that he

did not like, and his mother, to please him, had refrained from giving them to him for months. Now he seemed to like anything that she cared to offer. He even devoured his previously most distasteful vegetable, cabbage, was eaten up with relish, and counted a luxury. "Oh, anything," he would say, "answer to his mother's inquiry as to what he would like for dinner, "anything will do." They teach us in the navy to eat when we get and ask no questions. If we don't eat it, some one else will, and we are good, and his mother enjoyed.

The mother marvelled at the change, but it was well for her that she did not know how often her boy had to go hungry before he had learned this lesson. The remainder of his stay on this ship was spent in the same way, he learned his seamanship lessons in a hard school, but he learned them well, so that he and a few more boys were transferred to a sea-going ship attached to Portland.

Their new instructor, on the first morning on board, lectured them something like this, "Now, boys, you have got to smarten up. When I say a thing has to be done, you won't need to walk or even double to it, you must f—l—!" and he finished the sentence with a bellow; and a flourish of his cane, that put the necessary emphasis to the sentence.

And they soon found out that they had to "fly." When the boy's man blew the whistle for them to muster on deck, there was a wild rush for the bottom of the gangway between the boys, and the ship's company. "He smartened up the late ones with his cane on their bare feet and legs, so they had to learn to be up the ladder before he could teach the bottom of it.

Through it all Killick "stuck" at it, and, with his drills and classes, came off with flying colours. When he used to get downhearted and the temptation to desert became rather strong, his father's words would flash through his mind, "I am so many feet high, I stuck it for pride's sake—although there were very few feathers about the bed he had to lie on. Then he became a man, for he passed out an O. D. (ordinary seaman), and joined a ship of the Mediterranean squadron, and had his first real taste of life on the rolling wave.

His inner life at this time was like the lives of the men around him. He had become inured to the petty dodges and thefts of the boys' mess, but had kept away from the greater evils of drink and gambling. When he entered the seaman's mess on board of this new ship he very quickly, however, became the exception to the rule. He was soon learning to drink his "tot" of rum and liked it. Oaths became part of his ordinary speech, and gambling one of his ruling vices. When he went ashore he frequented the pubs, and mingled in the "boozers" of the older men. Thus he rapidly slid down the slippery road to ruin, leaving resolutions, sobriety, and good conduct behind him. A couple of days at the torpedo school followed this commission, and then he was once more drafted abroad. Coming back to the torpedo school from this commission he was for L. T. O. and gained the "Killick" or, in other words, was made a Leading Seaman. Saviour. E. L. G.

FREDERICKTON

Souls are growing in the Corps. Brigadier James Coombs were with us after a resting time and surrendered. Our Officers and Mrs. Berry, are here all the time, and the knee drills and blessing

(To be continued.)

PEACE SUNDAY

(Continued from page 1.)

At West Toronto Hartree, the Postmaster, conducted a service of dedication and consecration.

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ARMY SONGS

FOR GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD.

"He loved the world!" Oh, what a wondrous story,
He gave His all, His One-Begotten Son;
"He loved the world!" Almighty King of Glory,
That we from sin and darkness might be won.

He loved it, with a love supreme, Divine,
No time can e'er the glorious fact erase;
"He loved the world"; yes, every land and clime.
A love that would the universe embrace.

He loved us, when in sin, with human arm
We fought again His wishes and His will;
His lovely voice spoke with a tender charm,
And whispered to our hearts: "I love you still."

He loved us with a love that ne'er shall die,
No more than Heaven from the heights shall fall;
The depths of earth resound with one long cry
That "God so loved the world"; He loved us all.

When with repentant hearts we sought His favour,
A flood of mercy soon our souls enthralled;
He never in His promises did waver,
He took us in—because "He loved the world."

O'er mountain, hill, and dell, the news shall ring,
The standard of our God shall be unfurled;
This gladsome song of praise we'll always sing:
Redeemed by Grace, because "He loved the world."

Emblazoned on each flag that flies
the air,
Across the oceans let the truth be hurled;
Each heart vibrates, each voice the fact declare
That God in grace and pity "Loved the world."

—W. King, Y. P. S. M., Lisgar St.

ROOM FOR ALL.

Tunes.—Grace Darling; Ellacombe, No. 30.

(By Mrs. Lieut.-Col. Jolliffe.)
Out on the world's wide ocean, on pleasure's rolling wave,
Millions of souls are drifting, whom Jesus died to save;
Nearing the shores of darkness, the rocks of black despair,
No hand outstretched to save them, no light to guide or cheer.

Chorus (for first tune).
There's room enough in the heart of God;
For every struggling soul;
There's power enough in the precious Blood
To make the sinner whole.
So love shall make us strong,
And faith shall make us brave,
And grace shall help us to stand the storm
Till the world is saved.

We've heard the sound of weeping from those who love to roam;
The wall of woe has reached us from many a drunkard's home;
The tears of little children are falling everywhere,
And many weary hearts each day are sinking in despair.

Let floods of Calvary's passion sweep o'er our souls just now,
Send waves of inspiration while at Thy feet we bow;
We will go to the rescue, whatever be the cost;
We will be Thine entirely, to seek and save the lost.

A SONG OF PRAISE.

Tunes.—And above the rest, 1; Dear Jesus is the One, 5; S. B., 342.
Now, in a song of grateful praise, To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise;
With all His saints I'll join to tell—
My Jesus has done all things well.

All worlds His glorious power confess,
His wisdom all His works express;
But, Oh! His love what tongue can tell?

My Jesus has done all things well.
How sovereign, powerful, and free
Has been His love to sinful me!
He plucked me from the jaws of hell—

My Jesus has done all things well.

TERRITORIAL NEWSLETS.

(Continued from Page 8.)
with either Provincial or Civic Officials regarding The Army's Rescue Work.

We regret to hear that Staff-Captain Fred Bross, the Chancellor of the Toronto Division, is in a very poor state of health. A two-months' furlough has been granted him, and we trust he will return to his work much benefitted.

Adjutant Fred Knight, in addition to his present work at Territorial Headquarters on transferred loans, is appointed to duties in connection with the Postal Department.

Adjutant Walter has been transferred from the Training College Staff to the Men's Social Department, Territorial Headquarters. Captain Glover goes from the Correspondence and Postal Department at Territorial Headquarters to the Training College.

Captain Webster, we are glad to hear, is progressing favourably in health.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to Captain Riley, of the Halifax Rescue Home, whose brother recently passed away.

The War Relief Fund

\$50,000 Wanted to Help Those in Need Who Have no Claim on Patriotic Funds

SOME MORE DONORS.

Bro. Hill, \$1; Bandsman F. Myers, \$1; Vernon Corps, \$5; Bro. Beswetherick, \$5; Vancouver 1. Juniors, \$10; Lisgar Wright (personal), \$5; Mrs. Thompson, \$1; Vancouver 1, \$35. (The last-mentioned amount was given by a gentleman in seven sovereigns. He would not give any name or address.)

COMING EVENTS

THE COMMISSIONER'S APPOINTMENTS

Peterboro.—Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 27-28.

Calgary, March 6-7.

Lethbridge, March 8.

Medicine Hat, March 9.

Moose Jaw, March 10.

Brandon, March 11.

Portage la Prairie, March 12.

Winnipeg, March 13-16.

Fort William, March 17.

(Lieut.-Colonel Turner, and Hargrave will accompany the Commissioner in the West.)

THE CHIEF SECRETARY

Peterboro.—Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 27-28.

St. Catharines.—March 4-5.

LIEUT.-COLONEL TURNER.

Victoria, Feb. 27-28.

LIEUT.-COLONEL SMEETON.

Lippincott, Feb. 25; Lisgar, Mar. 6-15 inclusive.

LIEUT.-COLONEL BOND.

Lippincott Street, March 1.

LIEUT.-COLONEL HARGRAVE.

Vancouver, Feb. 27-28, Mar. 1; Edmonton, Mar. 4-5.

(Accepted and intending Candidates will kindly arrange to see the Col.).

BRIGADIER BETTRIDGE.

Chatham, Feb. 27-28; Mar. 1; Stratford, Mar. 2-3; London 1, Mar. 4; St. Thomas, Mar. 5.

BRIGADIER TAYLOR.

St. John 1, Feb. 28, Mar. 1-2.

BRIGADIER ADDY.

Collingwood, Feb. 27-28.

BRIGADIER RAWLING.

Peterboro, Feb. 27-28; Renfrew, Mar. 1; Perth, Mar. 2; Montreal 1, Mar. 5; Cornwall, Mar. 6-7; Morrisburg, Mar. 8.

BRIGADIER CAMERON.

(Assisted by Captain Eastwell and Brigade of Women Cadets.)

North Toronto, March 7.

BRIGADIER GREEN.

Rossland, Mar. 5; Nelson, Mar. 6-7; Cranbrook, Mar. 8; Fernie, Mar. 9; Vernon, Mar. 12.

MAJOR AND MRS. MOORE.

Rhodes Avenue, March 7.

MRS. MAJOR FRASER.

Thornhill, Feb. 28.

MAJOR CRICHTON.

Tecumseh Street, Feb. 26; Lippincott Street, March 2.

MAJOR DESBRISAY.

Lippincott, Feb. 26.

MAJOR AND MRS. McAMMOND.

Thornhill, Feb. 26.

MAJOR ARNOLD.

Peterboro, Feb. 27-28.

MAJOR COOMBS.

Sussex, Feb. 27-28; Mar. 1; Petticoat, Mar. 2; Salisbury, Mar. 3.

MAJOR WALTON.

Ottawa 11, Feb. 27-28; Renfrew, Mar. 1; Perth, Mar. 2; Montreal 1, Mar. 5; Brockville, Mar. 6-7; Morrisburg, Mar. 8.

THE STAFF SONGSTERS.

Lippincott, Feb. 25; Lisgar Street (Special Campaign, Mar. 6-15 inc.)

STAFF-CAPTAIN WHITE.

Petrolia, Feb. 27-28, March 1.

Adjutant Cornish.

Lippincott Street, Feb. 27.

Captain Clayton.

Collingwood, Feb. 27-28, Mar. 1.

Barrie, Mar. 2; Midland, Mar. 3.

Orillia, Mar. 4.

Captains Mapp and Glover.

Whitby, Feb. 28.